

THROUGHOUT much of last week's Suez debate there was a strong undercurrent of excitement generated by Sir Winston Churchill's presence and the belief that he would intervene. Visitors lingered in the public galleries for hours hoping that they would hear the great voice once more.

From the first, Sir Winston Churchill has been kept minutely informed of every move in the Suez crisis, and our Allies are told of his unequivocal support of the Prime Minister's actions.

He came to Wednesday's debate prepared to speak on behalf of the Government, but I understand he felt that Sir Anthony Eden's fine exposition required no postscript from him.

On Thursday he confined himself to a deep bow of assent when the Prime Minister referred to Sir Winston's full support of the Government's policies.

Many regret that Sir Winston has not publicly stated his views on the crisis, but no doubt this mighty voice is being kept in reserve for the hour when the sounding of the tocsin has become inevitable.

Treasury Bench

It has been suggested that, if Sir Winston had decided to intervene, he would have been invited to speak from the Government front bench where he could have arranged his notes on the despatch box.

Although the Prime Minister would have been delighted to co-operate in such an arrangement, there is no precedent for a Member who does not hold office speaking from the bar. The fact is, I am told, that it is officially the Treasury Bench, which is not exactly the same thing as the Government supporters' front bench.

There would, however, have been nothing to prevent Sir Winston crossing the floor and speaking from the front Opposition bench and using the despatch box there. As a Privy Councillor he would have been perfectly entitled to do so, but in the embittered temper of the debate his appearance beside the Opposition leaders might have been misinterpreted abroad.

Durham Choice

IT was on the Prime Minister's personal recommendation that the sensible young Lieutenant to retire at seventy-five has been ignored—for the first time since the age limit was introduced—in the case of Lord Lawson, who has now been re-appointed as the Queen's representative in Durham for another two years.

This is a tribute not only to the character of an old political "fee"—as Mr. Jack Lawson sat in the Commons for thirty years as Labour M.P. for Chester-le-Street—but also to his remarkable vitality.

He is one of the youngest seventy-five-year-olds I know; and his stocky physique is toughened by hill climbing and day-long hikes over the State Parks. In which he has a practical interest as a member of the National Parks Commission.

New Führer?

WHEN Grand Admiral Doenitz is released from Spandau on October 1, he may become the most dangerous political figure in Germany.

The neo-Nazi parties, with their hard core of former U-boat and other navy crews, believe that since Hitler appointed Doenitz as his successor

before he committed suicide, Doenitz is still titular head of the Reich.

Next year, West Germany will be holding her most critical elections since 1953, and in a probably close finish between Dr. Adenauer and the Socialists, the Nazis may hold the balance—particularly if led by Doenitz.

Rear-Admiral Heye, who commanded the frogmen and naval saboteurs at the end of the war and is now Presi-

dent of the Navy League, has appealed to the German Navy to refrain from turning Doenitz's release into a political Jamboree.

It will be less easy to keep Doenitz quiet. He holds precisely the same political beliefs as he did when he was Hitler's most pro-Nazi C-in-C.

The Undefeated

AIR-MARSHAL "BILLY" BISHOP, V.C., D.S.O., and M.C., D.F.C., shot down

seventy-two enemy aircraft in the first world war and was Canada's greatest war hero.

A couple of weeks ago a friend of mine met him at Palm Beach and found him in high spirits. His doctors had attached to him three nurses and insisted on a strict regime, including a long walk every day.

He obstinately refused to be ill, and his life became a running battle with the unfortunate nurses. He would weekly

leave the hotel for his constituency, proceed round the corner and take a taxi to the golf club, where he played roisterous backgammon for high stakes until it seemed judicious to return to the sick-room.

Billy Bishop was the greatest fighter pilot of the Kaiser's war. He died, an undefeated man, last Tuesday.

The Olympic Spirit

FAST and West Germany are sending a combined team to the Olympic Games. After months of wrangling it has been decided that the athletes, wearing West German uniforms, will march into the Melbourne stadium behind the West German flag.

Now the Chinese Communists are also making an even bigger bid for "unity." Jung Keo-ang, chairman of the Chinese Olympic Commission, has appealed to athletes from Hongkong, Macao, and Formosa—territories claimed by the Peking Government—to compete for places in the Chinese Olympic squad.

When I consulted Mr. Harold Abrahams about this gambit he was indignant. "They simply can't think," he said. "Hongkong is affiliated to the International Olympic Committee. You can't go around poaching other countries' athletes."

Maybe they can't, but that doesn't say they won't.

Price of Fame

WINSTON, the police horse ridden by the Queen at Trooping the Colour, is suffering from a diminished tail. A hair from Winston's tail is a prized souvenir among Pony Club members and too many of the dear little visitors to the Metropolitan Police stables at Imber Court have black theft in their tiny hearts.

Winston's tail was heavily ridged during his appearance at the Royal and Norfolkshire Shows. At Harrogate, Winston's rider spied one youth sidling away with a clump of horsehair clutched in his hand.

"Where did you get that?" shouted the policeman.

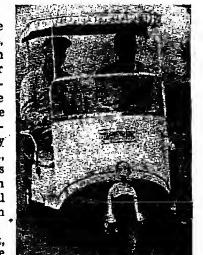
"Orf of your horse" piped the boy, darting into the crowd.

Space Passport

WHO owns outer space? No one has decided but the top-ranking expert on this somewhat esoteric subject is Professor John Cooper, the

had never seen the course before.

It will surprise many elderly golfers to learn that the President had fifty practice drives before he started. But he then saved his strength by travelling



IKE'S WAGON
in an electric caddy-car driven by a Secret Service agent.

Six other secret agents accompanied the round, their powers of detection proving invaluable in the tracing of lost balls.

A Likely Tale!

A MAN leading a monkey or a chain walked into the circus manager's office.

"This monkey can do everything—smoke, drink tea, ride a bicycle—everything. He's absolutely human."

"Why do you keep him on a chain then?"
“He won't pay his bridge debts.”